

Emily Young

CAPE COD

MAGAZINE



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UP THE BACK STAIRS

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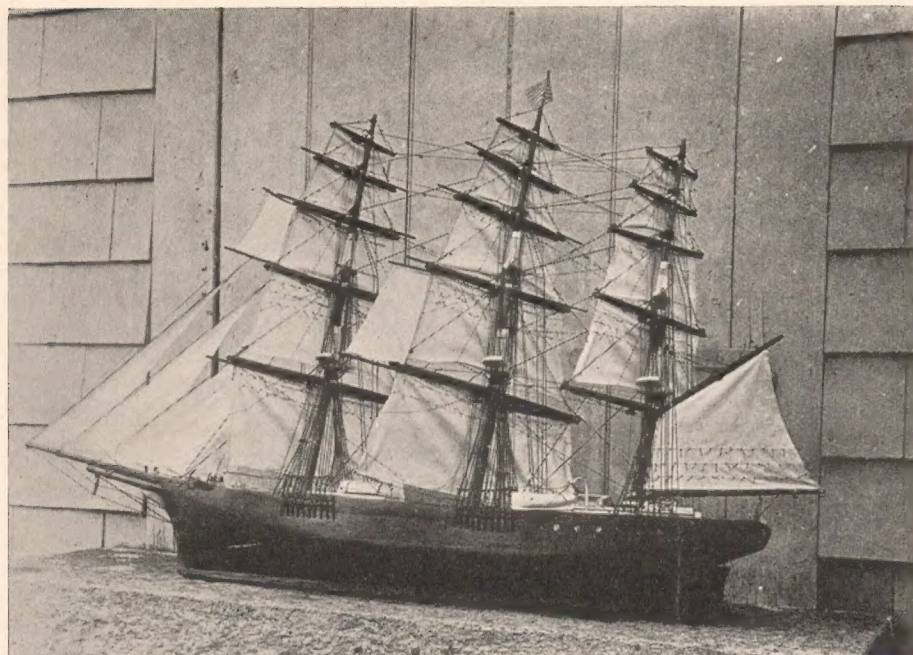
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A Little Shiverick Ship

By ERIC STEPHENSON



MODEL OF THE "SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS" BUILT BY OREN SHIVERICK OF DENNIS

OVER in East Dennis, in the home of Oren Howes Shiverick, is the model of a clipper ship which tells an exceedingly worthwhile story. This patiently-constructed piece of handiwork represents the attempt of a craftsman, who would have liked to go to sea, to recreate for his own pleasure a model of the famous McKay ship, the *Sovereign of the Seas*. He was born just too late to build real ships in the family shipyard, but his love of them has found expression in this model.

In these days when the markets are being flooded with ship models which are so poor in construction that they have no right to existence, it is a pleasure to find a man who respects his craftsmanship and works with the sincerity of purpose of Mr. Shiverick.

He has not been content, as have the makers of too many of the factory-product models, to throw hull, spars, and sails together, in a manner that represents no period, place, nor maritime practice. Rather was it the purpose of this Cape Cod builder to bring together from widely scattered sources all the information he could gather regarding a specific ship, the famous *Sovereign of the Seas*. Having a definite vessel in

his mind's eye he has studied her dimensions, lines, and rig from as dependable authority as reading, friendly consultation, and some study of marine museums could give. As our craftsman's work progressed he found in his model an expression of his spirit, the soul that would have liked to have come to manhood when American clippers were leading the world and when the ancestral yards beside East Dennis tidal rivers were turning out handsome craft. As his model came to completion he tells us he realized that further information might have developed more subtle proportion, less heavy spars, perhaps, but that is part of the reward of the conscientious model maker. He grows with his work, and as his model progresses his vision expands and he finds expression for his soul.

That is the reason why almost any sailorman's model possesses more charm and romantic appeal than the factory product which is wearying today's market and bringing discredit upon as decorative a unit as has found its place in our homes in many a long day.

Mr. Shiverick has taken pride in attempting to produce a model "that works." Many a time, we venture to

say, as he painstakingly attached some standing part of rope, rove it in ship-shape fashion through its proper blocks and watched it do its work before it found its correct belaying point, he has forgotten his East Dennis workshop and felt himself out on the high seas handling the sails upon which he and his wife have spent so many congenial hours.

While enjoying the Shiverick model, as it rested under the light and shadow of the evening lamp, heeled down, as it were, to the sea breeze from the open window, there came to mind the tribute, preserved in a letter now yellow with age, of a sailor on the real *Sovereign of the Seas*.

"When reeling off eighteen to twenty miles an hour I should have liked to have her enterprising builder on board to witness her speed. The day she ran four hundred and thirty miles she had the wind on the port quarter, and carried all drawing sail, from the top-gallant sails down; and had the foretopmast been sound she could have borne the topmast studding sail also.

"The sea was high and broken, the weather alternately clear and cloudy, with passing showers, and at night we had occasional glimpses of moonlight. She ran about as fast as the sea, and sometimes, when struck by a squall, would dash into a lazy wave, and send the spray mast-head high.

"Occasionally, she would fly up a point or more, and, heeling over, skim along the deep valleys between the lofty rolling waves and then, when brought to her course again, right herself with majestic ease, and, as if taking a fresh start, would seem to bound from wave to wave, the sea, meanwhile, curling in mountains of whitened foam along her sides.

"At night the light of the moon, as it glimmered through the passing clouds, blended with the phosphorescence of the broken waves, and as far as the eye could see, the ocean seemed on fire. The scene was awful in its sublimity beyond the power of words to describe."

A unique feature of Mr. Shiverick's model is the way he has "gone below"—furnished all his cabins complete, even to the telltale over the captain's berth, and the red-plush chairs about the table of the paneled saloon. The galley stove and the carpenter's bench are in their places. This is most unusual in ship models, and gives this one a special interest.

Commander Donald MacMillan has been in Provincetown for several weeks, writing up his experiences in the far North for publication and entertaining friends and fellow scientists. He has brought back new treasures for his arctic exhibit in the Provincetown Historical museum.

Harry Burdick, a New York journalist, is spending the winter in Provincetown.

Colonel and Mrs. Knabenshue, of Panama and Boston and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bradley of Hartford, Conn., are visitors in Provincetown.

N. Edwin Lewis has been recommended for appointment as Postmaster at Provincetown. The vacancy was caused by the death of Postmaster John Adams in August. Mr. Lewis is a native of Provincetown.

Misses Helen, Elsie and Lillian Greenwood of Newark, N. J. have been spending a week in Provincetown looking over real estate with the expectancy of purchasing a summer home.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harding of Portland, Me., has returned to Provincetown to make her home with her sister, Mrs. Laura T. Small.



To all the readers of the
CAPE COD MAGAZINE
Merry Christmas
from Frank Archer

Drink
MOXIE